

The Glory of Spain subdu'd by British Valour.

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Poetical NARRATIVE

Of the Taking

The GLORIOSA *Spanish* Man of War,

BY THE

RUSSEL,

AND THE

Royal Family PRIVATEERS;

Together with the

Blowing up of the DARTMOUTH.

*Written by a GENTLEMAN on Board the King
George, during the Action.*

Mackinstrey

Dulce & decorum est pro Patria mori.

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(Price One Shilling.)

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With a Description of the Battle of Vigo.



(Price One Shilling)

TO HIS GRACE

JAMES Duke of Hamilton, Brandon, &c.

My LORD DUKE,

MAY it please Your GRACE, I was an Adventurer on board the *King George* Privateer with Commodore WALKER, during the Engagement with the *Gloriosa* Spanish Man of War, and made the best Observations in my Power, on the several Parts that were acted. I saw the *Dartmouth* engage and blow up, which presented the most grand, and most shocking Scene I ever beheld. There we lost the brave Captain HAMILTON, a Gentleman by Nature bless'd with the most agreeable Person, adorn'd with a Soul so polite, noble and generous, as to gain him universal Esteem, at the same Time that he commanded the highest Respect; in all his Actions, an Honour to his Country, and most deservedly worthy of Imitation. My Lord Duke, tho' his Death
and

To his Grace James Duke of Hamilton, &c.

and Character will be recent to many Ages, I thought I might venture, tho' much unworthy, to offer the Account of this unhappy Affair to the Public, and humbly beg Leave to shelter them where the brave Captain, if living, would have sought a Patronage. I am, *my Lord*, a Stranger to Flattery, and being truly sensible Your Grace breathes a clearer Air, have not presum'd to attempt it. The following Lines I wrote at Sea, for my Amusement, and never entertain'd a Design of publishing them, but that the *Memory* of the *Dead*, and the *Worth* of the *Living*, demanded what my feeble Pen does but lamely recite; but as my Intention is good, I hope it will procure me Your Grace's favourable Acceptance; and to permit me the Honour of subscribing myself,

May it please Your Grace,

Your Grace's most devoted,

and most obedient humble Servant,

H. Mc. KINSTRY.



P O E M, &c.

S A Y, Gods! How shall *heroic* Souls behave,
 Since it is deem'd a Crime for to be brave?
 They must not nobly now themselves defend,
 Left narrow-hearted Mortals they offend:
 They must not Trifles to a Pris'ner spare,
 For they sound Thousands in a Miser's Ear,
 Oeconomy's now blam'd, tho' just as Heav'n;
 O Shame! and no Reward to Merit given!
 Must Men of noble Dispositions bend,
 Because a meaner Class they do offend?

B

And

And must *Great Britain's* Valour turn a Joke,
 To save the lofty Pine and fearless Oak?
 Forbid it Heav'n! the *GLORIOSA* then,
 Would *Britons* Cowards call, and never Men.
 From the *Havanna*, a golden World she came,
 She reach'd the *Groin*, and gain'd immortal Fame;
 And safe on Shore, whole Millions there she hurl'd,
 Which made *Te Deums* shake the *Spanish* World.
 Flush'd with Success, which rais'd her to the Skies,

From thence for *Cadiz* she couragious flies;
 But when off *Lagos Bay* she does appear,
 There *WALKER* bravely stops her grand Career.

Aurora crown'd the Morn with golden Hand,
 And to the *Western* World did Night command;
 With easy Wheel, the Globe's Diurnal play,
 Made *Phæbus*, smiling, lead along the Day.

Soon as the *King George* and the *Fredrick* chase,
 She tacks, and longer dares not *Cadiz* face.
 Big as a World, she steers along the Shore,
 And measures back the Course she came before:

With

With Colours flying, and her Sails all spread,
 She weather'd *Cape St. Vincent's* hoary Head.
 Now WALKER cuts her off from all the Land,
 Which makes the fickle Winds amazing stand;
 They to *Eola's* Caverns quickly haste,
 In Death's half Brother's Arms they calmly feast.
 Now WALKER'S Breast with keeneft Ardour glows,
 For she from Stem to Stern the *Spaniard* shews;
 Says he — " My Men rejoice, your Toils are o'er,
 " And soon I'll waft you to your Native Shore;
 " Here Fortune smiles, and with propitious Hand,
 " Presents this Gift, and bids us now Command.
 " No more Fatigue the restless Seas shall give,
 " For in calm Peace's Arms we bless'd shall live.
 " Let *British* Courage ev'ry Breast inspire,
 " And all the Coward from our Souls retire;
 " We see her lower Tier she opens wide,
 " Which well adorns her noble lofty Side;
 " Guns Seventy-four, she vainly makes appear,
 " For such Bravado's *Britons* shall not fear.

This said, the Setting-Sun in Smiles retires,
 And leaves the starry Worlds all blazing Fires;
 The blushing Moon makes Ocean bright appear,
 And now the GLORIOSA edges near.
 Says WALKER, "Take the Trumpet — Silence hold!
 " Her Name, from whence, and whether bound, let's know.
 " Let each one at his Quarters manly stand;
 " Have all your Matches ready light at hand;
 " She's large, and rich, therefore let us prepare,
 " That Fame, as well as Fortune, we may share.
 " You see, for all her Bulk, she'll not reveal
 " Her Name, tho' now within the reach of Hail:
 " But hark! — She hails: Answer without Delay,
 " That we may know what Card she means to play.
 Soon as she heard our great King George's Name,
 Her smoking Wrath was kindled into Flame;
 Her Balls are now deny'd their *Bon-repos*,
 And whizzing through our Sides and Masts they go.
 " To work, (said WALKER) Boys courageous fly,
 " Point every Gun, and level with the Eye:

" Let

" Let no vain Ball stray through the liquid Air,
 " And strictly to Command still lend your Ear.
 " The Brave outlive the Coward oft we find,
 " Shame worse than Death, pursues the dastard Mind : "
 Said he, " No longer I shall Patience tire,
 And in a Moment all was Smoak and Fire.
 Calm and serene he gave the welcome Word,
 And with his Right Hand, drew the flaming Sword.
 Rous'd from their fiery Beds, the Balls quick fly,
 And buried in the GLORIOSA lie.
 Now quick as Thought, the flashing Flames do rise,
 And Clouds of Smoak are wafted to the Skies ;
 Each careful Eye, does watch the rising Flame,
 And levels at the Fountain of the same.
 Destructive Balls now pierce the ambient Air,
 Some wound the Mast, and some the Rigging tear ;
 Some thro' both Sides, destructive Force convey,
 And mock all Opposition in their Way.
 Some break the Bones, some fleshy Doors do make,
 Some pierce the Hull, till it begins to leak ;

Then

Than those some still more viciously inclin'd,
 The human Body sever from the Mind,
 Old *Cape St. Vincent*, bellow'd where he lay,
 Fearing his ancient Rights were torn away,
Algarbi's Sons then felt a direful Shock,
 And flew to Arms, in fear of *Moorish* Yoke;
 From ev'ry Fort the Cannons loudly roar,
 And summon all the Kingdom to the Shore:
 Whilst *WALKER's* Brow, unclouded, charms the Whole,
 And adds fresh Courage to each valiant Soul;
 'Mong all it flew, as flies the new-born Fire,
 By Electricity along the Wire.
 Glory to Officers, who thus behave;
 Men never shrink, while they behold them brave:
 How *WALKER* acted, Officers and Men,
 None can describe, but some heroic Pen:
 For at Broadfides they play'd such noble Game,
 That they gave *two*, for every *one* that came.
 Her vast superior Force cou'd not them move,
 They fought heroic, left th' Event to Jove.

If Ships are Bodies, and Mankind their Soul,
 WALKER shou'd in a greater Body roll :
 The Gods, no doubt, Proportion well observe,
 Before the Mind does animate the Nerve.
 Up to our Aid, the *Fred'rick* timely came,
 And DOTTIN bravely join'd the Warrior's Game ;
 Almost three Hours we bore her pond'rous Fire,
 Within the reach of Hail ; tho' all admire !
 Yet what I say, is Truth, tho' it surprize :
 The great ! the fam'd ! the GLORIOSA flies !
 Had WALKER fainted at her Warlike Sight,
Cadiz she wou'd have reach'd ; — Wou'd that be right ?
 The common Men *Huzza*, cry, *Give three Cheers*,
She'll be our own, now damn the Dog that fears.
 Says WALKER, " Noble Boys, to work quick fly,
 " You see the Whole does in Confusion lie ;
 " A flowing Glass, let ev'ry Heart revive,
 " To keep your noble Manhood all alive ;
 " Now's not the Time, nor in my Pow'r to shew,
 " The world of Thanks I unto all do owe."

Some

Some Hull, some Masts, some Yards, with ardent Care,
 Some Shrouds, some Stays, and others Sails repair;
 To forward Work, no need was of Command,
 Each wrought with willing Mind, and flight of Hand.
 Methought I *Dido's* City did behold,
 As fam'd *Aeneas* view'd the same of old,
 Where *Carthaginian* circling Walls did strive
 To meet each other, as if all alive
 Just as we set each Sail, the Winds obey'd;
 And whistling through our ragged Canvas play'd.
 Prepar'd the wish'd for Prize to chase at length,
 We seem'd, like Age, when acting past its Strength;
 Thus we the *GLORIOSA* kept in Sight,
 With greatest Care, through all the dusky Night
 The broken Limbs down to the Pit were brought,
 Where *Kennawie* and *Marshall* careful wrought;
 Nor was there ever better Cures yet known,
 Than to their Honour can be nobly shewn;
 Of Bandages so clean, they swept the Fleet,
 Oh, Sacrilege! they tore the *Parson's* Sheet.

High

High in the Heav'ns the feather'd Choir now sings,
Aurora fans the Air with silver Wings,
 And brightens all the Skirts of drowsy Night,
 'Twixt her and Day, prescribes the Bounds, this right;
 Left Opposites, like them, might chance to jar,
 And Weapons use, as yet unknown in War,
 Far distant Worlds might chance to share their Woe,
 And universal Nature feel each Blow.
 But e'er the Parent Sun had Night reliev'd,
 Or o'er the *Western* World her Mantle heav'd,
 The *Duke*, *Amelia*, and *Prince George* appear'd,
 (For in the Night they our Engagement heard)
 The GLORIOUS crouds to get away,
 Pursues the Night, and dreads the coming Day.

As some good Star, the *Ruffel* now appear'd,
 BUCKLE, tho' weakly mann'd, yet nothing fear'd;
 Said WALKER, " Here some touring *Briton* comes,
 " She seems the *Jersey*, yet she larger looms ;

" Or is, or not, she's of the *British* Race,
 " Bear him these Lines, and point him out the Chace.
 " Our Strength and Force superior of the Foe,
 " Our Toll for thrice Ten Hours to him they'll shew."
 Now BUCKLE's friendly Heart begins to ake;
 Says he, " My Friends, I doubt there's some Mistake,
 " I fear the *Briton* has the *Briton* tore,
 " And the *King George* the *Bedford's* Fire bore:
 " To me it seems a Fable light as Air,
 " Guns Seventy-four that you three Hours cou'd bear:
 " Haste with my Compliments, and let him know
 " All in the Compass of my Power I'll do;
 " And if she proves what WALKER does suppose,
 " Bid him rejoice, we'll laugh at all our Woes."
 Thus said, he crouds, and quick unreefs each Sail,
 And flies away, as Light'ning o'er the Vale.
 On ev'ry Side the yielding Waves arise,
 With fleecy Sides, and wash the chrystal Skies.

The *Dartmouth* from the *Streights* for *Lisbon* steers;
 'Till our Engagement reach'd her watchful Ears;
 Says HAMILTON, "Wing back the Course ye came,
 " For to the *Southward* there is noble Game:
 " You see with sudden Gush their Flashes rise,
 " As when Jove's Thunder hurls along the Skies:
 " Those Flames shall doubtless guide us to the Place,
 " Where some bold *Britons* of heroic Race;
 " With fi'ry Arguments do plead their Cause:
 " And gain from all Mankind a just Applause."
 Soon as the Morning smil'd with rosy Charms,
 E'er *Phœbus* left his blushing *Thetis* Arms;
 Within our View brave HAMILTON appears,
 Observes the Chace, and right for her he steers.
 High Noon, the Parent Sun proclaims in haste,
 And our Merid'an wheels towards the East.
 Brave HAMILTON the *British* Colours shews,
 And she the *Spanish*; thus began their Blows:
 In Smoak now buried from each others Sight,
 They make the charming Day appear as Night:

A running Fight three Hours they thus maintain,
 And on her still the *Dartmouth* seems to gain:
 Of greater Courage, never Mortal heard;
 Than all the while in *HAMILTON* appear'd;
 His noble Fire, every Soul amaz'd
 And lost in Wonder, all transported gaz'd
 Thus he behav'd, the *Fredrick* now drew nigh,
 And at the Chace some Guns she did let fly;
 But by some Accident, as yet unknown,
 The *Dartmouth* in a Moment up was blown;
 The loud Explosion that now shook the Skies,
 Might startle Jove, could ought the God Surprise;
 Horror diffus'd itself thro' all the Main,
 Each Nerve made quiver, and to bleed each Vein:
 It mov'd the Globe, it burst the Atmosphere,
 And reign'd in Triumph far above the Air:
 Masts, Yards and Decks, within their hard Embrace,
 Hold fast too many of the human Race;
 And all in Flames they're hurl'd up thro' the Skies,
 As if they strove which could the highest rise:

More

More than three Hundred Souls outflow the whole,
 And all *heroic*, reach'd the heavenly Goal;
 Their Bodies having given their last Convoy,
 Came tumbling down in pieces, all with Joy:
 Masts, Yards and Beams, down to the Deep now hurl'd,
 As Nature had let fall some ruin'd World.
 Here plung'd a Trunk, and there a brawny Arm,
 Here dropt a Head, and there a Heart yet warm:
 The Heart had scarce forgot its wonted Way,
 But now and then, would on the Surface play.
 Let none this feeble Life like Cowards save,
 Death never hurts the Honest, or the Brave.
 The generous Soul of HAMILTON repair'd,
 Unto the Clime where Merit meets Reward:
 He led along a noble warlike Train,
 Nor did he live, nor did he die in vain;
 But like a *Hero* pled his Country's Cause,
 Took Wing, defending Liberty and Laws;
 With sudden Spring he pass'd the mortal Bound,
 And then began the great eternal Round:

There

There Death is Life, who thus in Honour die,
 Their Names rever'd to distant Climates fly :
 With glorious Emulation Breasts inspire,
 Bids Valour rouse, and Cowardice retire.

Now BUCKLE'S Soul, and WALKER'S, shar'd his Pain,
 It stung each Nerve, they bled at ev'ry Vein ;
 Some noble *Briton* falls, ye Gods, they cry,
 And graceful Tears now stream from ev'ry Eye :
 But lest the common People's Hearts should fail,
 Over their Grief they drew a prudent Veil.
 Upon the Wreck, twice eight drew feeble Breath,
 And half inclos'd within the Arms of Death ;
 Our Boats those Relicks brought on board with Care,
 And, thanks to Heav'n, they yet breathe vital Air ;
 With keenest Souls, and all our Canvas spread,
 The Chace we now pursue and leave the Dead.

The GLORIOSA'S Joys with shouts o'erflow,
 And thanks all Heav'n for this noble Blow ;

“ The

" The Gods themselves (says she) our Cause maintain,
 " And we in Triumph shall in *Cadiz* reign.
 " What we have done will Kings themselves amaze,
 " And make *Europa's* Sons astonish'd gaze.
 " The GLORIOSA, Glory brings to *Spain*,
 " And makes *Britannia* Bleed at every Vein :
 " Methinks on *Spanish* Walls I now behold,
 " Our fam'd Engagements well set off with Gold ;
 " Poet and Painter waging equal Strife,
 " Which of them come the nearest to the Life."

Approaching Night draws on her dusky Gloom,
 And larger still the *Ruffel* seems to loom ;
 With keenest Soul, brave BUCKLE nearer draws,
 And thus his People animating was.

" With noble Courage let each Soul be fraught,
 " Here Fortune smiles, for which we long have fought ;
 " The bravest Soul now is the Time to know,
 " Be Valiant, Boys, deal Death at every Blow."

Full

And all the Hero's side to her he rides, "The Gods then
 And open all the Thunder of his Sides; "T'ni sw bnA "
 Nor did he at a Distance Cow'rdly spare, "What we had
 But seem'd into her Soul the Dint of War: "A clam bnA "
 With fry Force, so nobly now they play, "The Gloriosa
 That dead of Night seems swallow'd up in Day: "bnA "
 So glare the Heavens; and the Ocean flame, "Methinks
 Night thought a *Phœbus* from each Muzzle came. "O "
 Stung to the Life, away from them she rode, "I see
 And fled as *Jordan*, aw'd by *Hebrew* Rod. "W "
 Well does the GLORIOSA fight and run,
 Nobly the *Ruffel* levels every Gun: "M
 Oft Storms of Splinters arrow in the Air, "bnA
 And oft through human Flesh a Passage tear: "W
 Thus nobly both maintain the dubious Strife; "bnA
 And wound each other to the inmost Life. "W
 The *Ruffel* at each Joint begins to ake, "I
 And every Hour does Floods of Water make. "T
 Oft BUCKLE is oblig'd to bear away, "Be
 To cease his Guns, and make the Pumps all-play.

But

Repulse but makes the Hero stronger grow,
 As fam'd *Antæus* from *Herculian* throw;
 So *BUCKLE* bears away but yet not far,
 And still returns with Loads of burning War:
 Conduct and Courage both in him unite,
 And still with Vigour he maintains the Fight.
 With triple Force now from the *Russel* flies,
 A Ball triumphant thro' the liquid Skies;
 The lofty Pine, the *GLORIOSA's* Pride,
 Main Top Mast call'd, it carries o'er her Side;
 The *Russel* now with Shouts of Joy is fill'd,
 And *Spanish* Courage in a Moment chill'd.
 " Ah! Mast! they cry, With thee our Hopes are gone,
 " We need not Fight for Fighting-fake alone:
 " This tow'ring *Briton* never will depart,
 " He Fights us slow, but Fights with noble Art.
 " These Fifty Hours, this Fleet our Strength have drain'd,
 " We now must strike: The Gods have so ordain'd;
 Thus said, the Rampant Lyons down they hawl,
 And *Mis'ricordia* to the *Britons* call.

After that *Pluto* had receiv'd his Share,
 More than Seven Hundred Fellows living were;
 The *Russel* scarce Four Hundred Men could shew,
 Tho' *Pluto*'s Part were summon'd from below;
 Her Force inferiour when the *Spaniards* knew,
 Stung to the Heart, the Fight they'd fain renew;
 To Ships, not Men, we've struck, each murmuring cries,
 And loud Complaints from every Tongue arise;
 Thus *BUCKLE*'s prudent Skill and cautious Hand,
 'Mong *WALKER*'s Ships dispers'd the Rebel Band;
 To him true *Britons* in return they send,
 Our valiant Toil thus meets its happy End.

The universal Frame of Nature shews,
 No lovelier Scene, than Friends produc'd of Foes,
 With melting Soul the Conqu'ror this beholds,
 And in the Arms of Mercy these he folds:
 He feels their Woe, participates their Fate,
 Their Souls are his, if his be truly great.

Thus

Thus was the *Glory* waisted Home from *Spain*,
 To great *Britannia* Mistress of the Main;
 Had she till then her golden Burthen bore,
 Applauded we had touch'd our Native Shore;
 Misers, brave Deeds without Success despise,
 Not so the gen'rous Mind does Valour prize;
 The curious Artist, e'er he gilds with Gold,
 Or well does polish, burnish or smooth Mould;
 Else through the subtile Skin each Fault is seen,
 And better it had never cover'd been.
 The Husbandman with prudent Care prepares,
 His Field for Seed, and then it richly bears;
 So with the greatest Nicety the Mind,
 Should for Prosperity be duly find;
 Not when we think or please, does Fortune smile,
 But has her Seasons, as the River Nile.
 Oft e'er the Man becomes the godlike Sage,
 Or finds a Calm retreat for feeble Age;
 To Worlds of Toil he must expose his Breast,
 All which conduce to whet his Taste for Rest;

Our Toils, when past, do cease to give us Pain,
And pleas'd Reflection scans them o'er again.

Pity it is, that among human Kind,
There shou'd exist a sordid envious Mind:
This in the dark, the Nerves of Friendship gnaws,
And oft of dire Debates, is the sole Cause;
A gen'rous Foe, such dare not manly face,
But live to human Kind a dire Disgrace;
Such would the Worthy by their Craft subdue,
And, like the Mole, their secret Toil pursue;
The Growth of Merit, who attempt to mar,
Against the Gods themselves do wage a War:
Such to the *public Good* no Friendship shew,
Whose narrow *private* has proclaim'd it Foe:
Perish the Man who selfish Ends pursues,
And quits the *public Good* for private Views:
Begone such narrow Minds, give me the brave,
Who for the *public*, dares the *private* leave;

From

From his dear Confort, resolute can fly;
 And leave her rosy Cheek and drowning Eye;
 Altho' their prating tie, her Breast now charms,
 Yet he can leave it, smiling in her Arms;
 Attraction strong, but War attracts him more,
 And draws the Hero from his Native Shore.
 Thus from the Mothers fond indulgent Arms,
 And from the Lovers more attractive Charms;
 The daring Youth breaks forth, and leaves his All,
 Prefers to those, the godlike Hero's Call;
 For Courage in his Breast begins to glow,
 And for the public Good does boldly go,
 Fearless of Death, to Dangers inmost Jaws,
 Proud to defend his Country and its Laws:
 The Sound of War not only moves Mankind,
 But rouses up the Horse that lag'd behind;
 Their Ears and tow'ring Crest to Heaven they rear,
 The Camp make tremble, and the Earth up tear.
 Undaunted Terror scatter o'er the Field,
 And scorn the winged Lance, or shelt'ring Shield;

They Prance along in elevated Pride,
 But destitute of Reason, for their Guide;
 Reason, which makes the Man refulgent shine,
 Chief in the Scale of Beings highest Line.
 When wild destructive War has long bore Sway,
 And just like Trifles swept Mankind away;
 Th' eternal Cause (whose vital Smile at first,
 The barren Sides of jarring Chaos burst;
 And all the universal beautiful Frame,
 At once teem'd in a Moment from the same
 Each World and Element wheel'd to its Place,
 Which now in Harmony do move thro' Space;
 Then blisful Peace from inmost Heav'n does send,
 Whose Power can part, e'en Gods when they contend;
 With pleasing Aspect she each Bosom charms,
 To her they Rev'rence pay, and yield their Arms;
 But when fierce Arms and killing Lead lie by,
 And the keen Sword's a Stranger to the Thigh;
 Inactive and effeminate Men grow,
 Scarce more than Cyphers and an empty Shew:

The

The manly Exercifes they despife,
 The Hero ftands neglected in their Eyes ;
 Then to her Center blifsful Peace returns,
 With warlike Ardour ev'ry Nation burns ;
 And for fome Trifle foon begin to jarr,
 And in a Moment all the World's at War.
 For greater Good, all Evils furely come,
 Tho' this great Truth appears abfurd to fome :
 Since we Creating Power can't command,
 We muft take Mortals as they come to Hand ;
 And as to thinking, we can ftill be free,
 And with Mankind agree to difagree.

F I N I S.



The manly Exercises they despise,
 The Hero stands neglected in their eyes;
 Then to her Center blissful Peace returns,
 With warlike Ardour civil Nation burns;
 And for some Time soon begin to join,
 And in a Moment all the World's at War.
 For greater Good, all Evils fairly come,
 Tho' this great Truth appears absurd to some;
 Since we Obedience never can command,
 We must take Motions as they come to hand;
 And as to thinking, we can still be free,
 And with Modest regard to disagree.

P. 1. W. 1. 2.

